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# The Daily Mirror

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No. 6,138.

Registered at the G.P.O.  
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SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1923

One Penny.

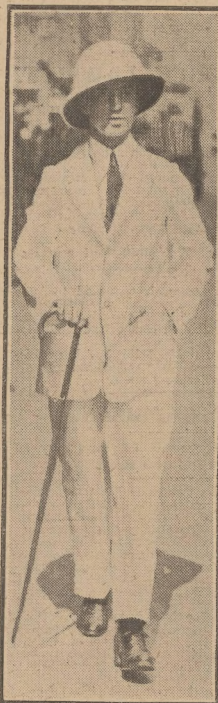
## SUMMER'S HEAT GIVES US A HAPPY SURPRISE



Sunshades and flannels were yesterday's fashions at Henley, and everyone who could wanted to be lazy.



The poor Polar bears find even the water too warm for them.



There is at least one sensible man in London. He came out yesterday.



Tramlines at Gloucester bent by the weather.



At the coolest spot in the coolest clothes—a Thames idyll.



A summer contrast. Left, a happy snapshot of a bathing girl taken by the sea-edge at Hastings yesterday. Right, the clothes that were worn at Ascot only ten days ago.



Summer is making up for lost time—during at least a day or two. The weather gets hotter and hotter, and only those happy English people who are by the river or the sea

are really comfortable. Still, nobody dreams of complaining. The sun has been so long a stranger that we welcome his fiercest rays.

## MLE. LENGLEN WORLD'S CHAMPION.

Miss McKane Defeated at Wimbledon.

## ENGLISH GIRLS' WIN.

Johnston and Hunter Meet To-day in Men's Final.

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen again defended her title as lawn tennis champion on grass at Wimbledon yesterday by defeating Miss McKane 6-2, 6-2.

It was not the most sparkling match of the meeting. There were no sensations, and the English girl did not play so well against her great opponent as she has done before.

Mlle. Lenglen and Miss Ryan passed into the final of the women's doubles by beating Mrs. Lambert Chambers and Miss McKane 6-1, 6-2. The other finalists are Miss Colyer and Miss J. Austin, the English girls.

W. M. Johnston will meet F. T. Hunter to-day in the final of the men's singles.

## "A WONDERFUL FIGHT."

Miss McKane Not Playing Her Best Game—Netting Returns.

By SUZANNE LENGLEN.

Miss McKane gave me quite a wonderful fight in the final of the women's singles at Wimbledon yesterday, which I won 6-2, 6-2.

I do not think she was by any means playing the best game she had offered yesterday. Nevertheless, she was often able to score a point by attacking strongly on my backhand and by her really good placing.

She had a good deal of bad luck in netting her returns.

If I had not played my very best all the time Miss McKane would have scored many more points.

I am always so glad to have an opportunity of meeting her, for she is one of the most sportsmanlike girls I have ever played against. Both of us were affected by the heat. That is no doubt the reason that our match was not so spectacular. We made our points with little desperate exertion—as one must in such a temperature.

The two young English players, Miss Colyer and Miss J. Austin, whom everybody so much admires for their beautiful play, had another win against Mrs. Youle and Miss Rose, who were defeated 6-6, 6-4.

It was really an exciting struggle, and the young players showed even better understanding of the doubles game than they did on Thursday.

Their success put them in the final of the ladies' doubles, where they will challenge Miss Ryan and me for our championship.

In our match against Mrs. Lambert Chambers and Miss McKane, Miss Ryan and I had interesting opponents to meet.

### MISS MCKANE'S FINE DRIVE.

They were, I thought, rather unlucky to take only three games in the two sets. But, of course, they were not playing at their best. I was sorry to see Mrs. Lambert Chambers so often failing to get her returns over the net.

Miss McKane made the first point of the match by a fine drive to our backhand corner. In the second set Mrs. Lambert Chambers often did very well at the net.

L. S. Deane and A. H. Fyze, the Indian Davis Cup pair, gave Lycett and Godfree quite a struggle before the English Davis Cup players won 6-6, 6-4, 6-2.

The struggle would have been shorter if Lycett had played more consistently, but his partner did very well.

I was much impressed by Mrs. Shepherd-Barron's performance in the mixed doubles, when, with L. S. Deane, she defeated Vincent Richards and Mrs. Mallory. Deane supported her well, but her counters to Richard's services were very pretty to watch. It was the most exciting match of the day.

## WOMEN FAINT IN HEAT.

Great Crowds to See Mlle. Lenglen's Victory—Base Line Play.

By Our Own Reporter.

The championship fight between Mlle. Lenglen and Miss McKane was over in three-quarters of an hour.

Miss McKane never looked like taking a set. She was playing below the form that she has often shown.

Base-line play on both sides formed the greater part of the match. Long before the end it was obvious that the champion was walking straight through to success.

Mlle. Lenglen placed wonderfully, dropping returns into the fore court where Miss McKane could not hope to reach them.

"Deuce" was called in the last game, when Mlle. Lenglen netted, and the "advantage" went to Miss McKane. Then the English girl over-drove and "deuce" was called again. This time her French girl placed to the back-hand to score another point, and Miss McKane drove beyond the baseline to close the match.

The final of the women's singles attracted an enormous crowd of tennis enthusiasts. The broiling sun caused some women to faint.

## RIVAL BEAUTY BABIES

Are Little Girls Prettier Than Boys?

## \$2,500 CONTEST SEQUEL.

Are boy babies as attractive as girls?

The question arose repeatedly during the publication of photographs entered for our \$2,500 Beauty Competition. If one accepts the popular verdict, the answer is a rather uncertain "No!"

In the section of the contest for children under five, the photographs of thirty boys and thirty girls were published. Of those selected from this section by the votes of readers, thirteen were girls and seven were boys.

Only two boys received a sufficient number of votes to be included among the ten "finalists." The other eight were girls.

Nevertheless, many mothers still contend that up to five years of age at least, the features of boy babies are quite as beautiful as those of girls of the same age.

As a practical contribution to the discussion, *The Daily Mirror* has decided to publish a special Boys' Beauty Number on Monday, in which will appear a selection of the hitherto unpublished boys' photographs entered for our beauty contest.

This issue will interest every parent and every child lover. To avoid disappointed readers should place an order with the nearest newsagent.

## TRAGEDY OF RAIL SMASH

Dead Express Fireman Married Only Five Months Ago.

Hutchinson, the fireman who was killed in the Diggle railway smash on the first engine of the express, had only been married five months, and the first intimation his widow at Huddersfield had of his death was through the newspapers.

He was twenty-two years old, and went to Huddersfield at Easter from Warrington, his native town, with a view to promotion. He had been on the railway for seven years.

The inquest will be opened to-day on the victims of the disaster.

## 'MOVING PICTURE' BRAIN

Gloomy U.S. Prophet Says We Are Approaching First Stage of Decay.

"We are living in the age of the moving picture brain, an age when no man remembers in the evening what he read in the morning."

Such was the declaration of Mr. M. Beck, the United States Solicitor-General, at a luncheon given in his honour yesterday by the English Speaking Union.

Mr. Beck, relating an incident in connection with an audience he had of King Albert of Belgium, said: "We talked of the lives of the early days of the war, of the men who with a smile gave their lives, and then the King turned to me and said: 'Yes, but the greatest heroes of to-day are Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks.'"

The English speaking race was approaching dangerously near the initial stage of the decay of the race.

## TOO MANY PRO-GERMANS

Mr. Lovat Fraser's Outspoken Article in "Sunday Pictorial."

"Too Many Pro-Germans" is the title of an important article by Mr. Lovat Fraser which will appear in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*. Mr. Fraser points out in plain terms the consequences of any rupture with France, and declares that there are in this country several types of "Pro-Germans" who, for various reasons, are forcing this country towards this calamity.

Mr. Fraser's outspoken article is certain to arouse widespread discussion.

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen will also contribute an article on to-day's tennis matches, and her views on future contests at Wimbledon will be of special interest to keen followers of the game. All the week-end sport, pages of concise news and unvarnished pictures will make to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial* an exceptionally attractive number.

## 21 YEARS IN BED.

Judge Orders "Invalid" to Appear for Trial Next Week.

Stated to have been in bed for twenty-one years, Mr. Frederick George Tebbutt was ordered by Mr. Justice Avory at Lewes Assizes yesterday to appear for trial next Friday. He is charged with obtaining credit without disclosing that he was an undischarged bankrupt.

Tebbutt, said counsel, had failed to attend two Assizes, pleading that he was bedridden, but at the last court Mr. Justice Darling, concluded, after hearing three doctors, that he was fit to take his trial.

## KRASSIN TO GO.

It is officially announced in Moscow, says Reuter, that Krassin has been removed from his position as head of the Russian Trade Delegation in London.

## ACTOR'S DEATH.

Mr. Pitt Chatham Who Was Morano in "Polly."

## VERY BRIEF ILLNESS.

Mr. Pitt Chatham, the distinguished actor and singer, who created the part of "Morano" in Gay's opera "Polly," now running at the Savoy Theatre, died last night after a very brief illness. Mr. Pitt Chatham was playing as usual on Friday of last week and was subsequently taken ill, and on Sunday it was found that he was suffering from a complicated form of appendicitis.

An operation was performed successfully, but on Thursday heart weakness developed and he died last evening.

Mr. Pitt Chatham, who was only in his thirty-eight years, was one of the most brilliant and promising of the opera artists of the day.

Before the war he was famous as a singer in nearly every capital in Europe.

During the war he served at Salonica, where he was severely wounded.

Though invalided out, he continued to serve in one of the War Departments until after peace. Subsequently he played the part of MacHeath in the "Beggar's Opera" at Hammersmith, and then went on tour in the same part.

Later he created the part of "Morano" in "Polly," in which he achieved a great artistic triumph.

He lived over a year ago Mr. Pitt Chatham lost his only son.

He leaves a widow and one daughter, Joan, who recently made her first appearance on the stage in the matinee performance of "Father Time," given in aid of the British Drama League.

## NURSE TRAPPED BY FIRE

Inquest Story of Ether Explosion—Fatal Kindly Act.

"It is obvious she met her death in doing a kindly action," said the St. Pancras coroner yesterday at the inquest on Miss Harriet Storer, a dispenser who died from burns after an explosion in the dispensary of the Metropolitan Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, Fitzroy-square.

Although she need not have done it, Miss Storer had cleaned a syringe for a patient.

Mr. E. C. Lamb said that he had been instructed by the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, chairman of the Board of Management for the hospital, to express the profound regret of himself and his colleagues at the distressing accident. Miss Storer was a valued colleague.

Miss Mabel Eva Palmer, matron at the hospital, said Miss Storer was still alive when discovered, and all her clothing was burned off her.

Before her death she said, in reply to a question as to what had happened, "I don't know. I was very silly. I was cleaning a syringe with ether for a patient."

A Harley-street doctor said ether should not have been used.

## STAGE TRICK LAWSUIT.

Inventor of "Sawing a Woman" Seeks Film Injunction.

The stage trick of "Sawing a lady in half" was the subject of an action yesterday when Mr. Percy Thomas Selbit, professional illusionist, applied for an interim injunction restraining Goldwyn, Ltd., film producers, from displaying a film entitled, "A Complete Screen Exposure of the Baffling Mystery Turn, 'Sawing a Lady in Half.'"

It was stated that Mr. Selbit, the inventor of the trick, employed in it in America a Mr. and Mrs. Violett.

Mr. Violett, said counsel, appeared to have disclosed the secret, and later Mr. Courts appeared to have arranged that the Clarion Photo Plays Co. should make a film of the entertainment.

On the ground that Mr. Selbit had been dilatory in taking action, Mr. Justice Russell declined to give interlocutory relief.

## SHIP CAPSIZES.

Exciting Experience of a Crew of Thirteen in a Boat.

The crew of the Sunderland steamer River Tees, which foundered sixty miles off Land's End yesterday, had an exciting experience before being picked up and landed at Penzance.

The River Tees left St. Nazaire on Wednesday with a cargo of pitwood for Newport. A portion of the cargo was stored on deck, and when sixty miles from Wolf Rock Lighthouse the steamer suddenly took a list and water began to pour in.

A few minutes later the ship turned turtle and sank. Captain Alves, of Aberdeen, who was in command, decided to row to Land's End. The whole crew of thirteen had to get into the captain's boat, which required constant bailing to keep it afloat.

After some hours the crew were picked up.

## BOTTOMLEY CLUB CLAIMS.

Subscribers to the Victory Bond clubs and allied combinations of Horatio Bottomley, who made claims, will receive from 3d. to 4d. in the £ under an agreement sanctioned by Mr. Justice Sargant in the Chancery Division yesterday.

## BRITAIN GASPS IN HEAT WAVE.

Sun Overpowering at 89 in the Shade.

## FATAL SEIZURES.

Golfers and Builders Driven to Seek Shelter.

All Britain sweltered yesterday in the hottest day of 1923—the hottest in some places for many years.

From early morning the sun drove down with overpowering intensity. The only comfortable people were those who were able to loll in shady places by the sea, in boats in sheltered river nooks, or in the leafy lanes of the countryside.

With the exception of places in the extreme north of Scotland there were between eleven and twelve hours' sunshine everywhere.

To-day's weather forecast is light south-east wind; generally fine, but thunderstorms not improbable in places; mild at times; warm. Further outlook mainly fair and warm.

## QUEUES OF BATHERS.

Children Paddle in Fountain Basins in Trafalgar-Square.

Men in the sweltering London streets yesterday discarded their waistcoats and women adopted their lightest and airiest attire.

Water of any sort was an irresistible lure. The police, emulating Nelson, turned a blind eye on scores of youngsters who were walled in the fountain basins in Trafalgar Square.

Though there were a good many people punting and sculling on the Thames at Kingston, Hampton Court and Sunbury, a larger number were to be found reclining full length under the shade of the trees at the side.

Open-air bathing places in the Lower Thames Valley were thronged, women predominating. At Kingston there was such a crush that the bathers had to be lined up in a long queue for towels and costumes.

### TOO HOT FOR GOLF.

Highest shade temperatures were:—  
Bath ..... 89  
Leamington ..... 89  
South Lincolnshire ..... 89  
Colwyn Bay ..... 88  
Brighton ..... 87  
Llandudno ..... 87

Play as well as work was stopped by the weather. The Turf Club golf tournament was postponed at Aintree after a shopping expedition; and makers and men building houses in Cheshire were forced to seek shelter.

It was so hot at a height of 5,000 feet above the earth that the pilot of a Daimler air express from Manchester to London, although flying in the 100-miles-an-hour wind created by the engine, was compelled to remove his coat.

Several tragedies of the heat are reported. Mrs. Edith Cook had a fatal seizure on alighting from a tram at Leamington after a shopping expedition; George Knight, a Bolton man, aged sixty-five, fell from a wagonload of hay and died; and there were other victims in Cheshire.

## 19,000 GUINEAS PICTURE.

Christie's Day Record Sale of £205,741 for Old Masters.

A new picture sale record was established at Christie's yesterday, when Sir Joseph B. Robinson's Old Masters collection fetched £205,741.

Franz Hals' "Portrait of a Gentleman" realised 19,000 guineas, while the total amount realised by Gainsboroughs was 29,070 guineas.

Four panels by Boucher fetched 18,000 guineas.

## OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Swedish Crown Prince left London last night for Sweden.

£20,000 Relief Scheme in the form of a fishing vessel dock is to be put in hand at Middlesbrough.

League and the Saar.—The League of Nations inquiry into the Saar conditions opened at Geneva yesterday.—Exchange.

The new cable ship *Mirco*, with a capacity of 500 miles of cable, is leaving Portsmouth for the Red Sea Eastern Telegraph station.

Level Crossing Death.—Kno-ked down at Barn Crossing, Leigh-on-Sea, by a train from Leigh, Percy Smith, of Sloe Newington, has died in hospital.

Visa-Consul Charged.—The British Vice-Consul at Rotterdam was yesterday charged with embezzlement by selling stamps for his own profit.—Exchange.

War Memorial.—The Marquis of Lincolnshire yesterday unveiled the Houses of Parliament staff war memorial, a tablet in the wall of the Chancellor's Court.

French Band's Visit.—The Garde Republicaine Band, which plays before the King and Queen at the Somme Albert Hall concert to-morrow, will be met at Victoria at 7.30 to-night by the Guards' bands.

# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1923.

## LABOUR LEADERS ON THE DOCKERS' STRIKE.

LABOUR leaders are obviously no less perplexed by the anarchy displayed in the dockers' strike than is the rest of the working community.

The strike is unique, indeed, in that it is condemned unhesitatingly by the chosen representatives of the rank-and-file in the principal Trade Unions.

No one will accuse Mr. Robert Williams, the Secretary of the Transport Workers' Federation, of being inclined to flatter the "employing" point of view. Yet he remarked yesterday that the strike is "a most serious threat against the working conditions established by years of patient effort."

Mr. J. H. Thomas, at the N.U.R. conference at Crew, advised the dockers to return to work.

But this fatherly advice is not more likely to be heard now, after the declaration of war, than was the warning of the men's leaders before they decided to "come out."

The whole future of Trade Unionism is at stake. Perhaps it would be well to remind the casual strikers that what they have secured in the past they have gained by loyalty to their advisers—not by the "direct action" of dissidents within each organised group.

## "BROTHERLY LOVE."

YESTERDAY the House of Clergy—a part of the National Assembly of the Church of England—continued its discussion of the proposed revision of the Prayer Book in detail.

Certain verses of the Psalms were the matter for discussion.

The laity are often and rightly reminded that "God is love" and that the highest religion teaches us to abolish instinctive hostilities and hatred by a sense of our common brotherhood. And yet it may happen that the laity, thus wisely indoctrinated, will enter a "peaceful" Church to hear a harmless curate reading out verses which urge a man to let his enemy's children "be yagabonds and beg their bread" while elsewhere it will be declared that "blessed is he that taketh thy children and dasheth them against the stones."

You may object, as one speaker did yesterday, that such expressions are to be taken mystically—or, as the Dean of Carlisle put it, in criticism of that view, "only mystical beings are to be dashed against mystical stones."

We fear the mass of the laity are not capable of making allowance for this beligerent mysticism; and so it would be better perhaps not to insist upon these imprecation verses of the Psalms.

## WIMBLEDON ENDS.

HAS there ever been a lawn-tennis triumph like that of the past week at Wimbledon?

The aspect of the Centre Court packed with its thousands upon thousands of keen critics is the nearest thing we know, in multitudinous excitement, to the fabled glories of Greek theatres and Roman amphitheatres; and, if we keep to the former parallel, this Wimbledon crowd will be the Chorus, occasionally intervening with irrelevant comment, with groans of anguish as a favourite fails, with roars of approval at a masterly stroke.

A wonderful sight, a wonderful game! We rejoice that this year some of the veterans and a few of the "quieter," or, shall we say, more intellectual players have hung on long and done well—which shows that there is hope for all, and that there is no need to fear, as some of us did last year, that lawn-tennis is becoming a sport for giants, with mere muscle as the ultimate test.

W. M.

## THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Back to Old Fashions?—The Cost of Living—Do We Want Endowed Theatres?—Hints for Warm Weather.

### LOOKING ON AT TENNIS.

WE are all very hypocritical in some things! We declare that we would rather try to play tennis than stand amongst the idle lookers-on.

But would we? Don't we prefer to look on and criticise than play badly and be "pulled to pieces" by the onlookers?

Everybody is possessed of this instinct to criticise. Women "make remarks" about other women's dress, just as men criticise their fellows' sports. It is so much easier to talk about others than to do things for oneself! G. F.

### "MOVE UP, PLEASE!"

THESE are days when crowding and hurrying are to be avoided as much as possible.

A particularly disagreeable place to be in is a thronged train or tube lift. But I often think that these places would not be so bad if only

### DIVINE JUDGMENT.

WE may or may not agree with the Bishop of Gloucester that all people should be vaccinated. But will the Bishop kindly explain why it was that in the last and greatest epidemic of smallpox in this country thousands of persons died of that disease—although 98 per cent of the population had been "protected" by vaccination against it?

Was that "a judgment"? VACCINATION.

### OLD FASHIONS REVIVED.

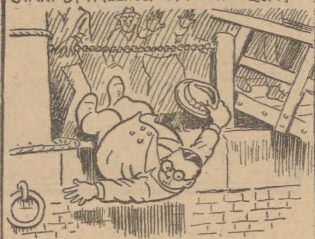
MANY of us greatly admire anything in the nature of a crinoline. If the hair is dressed suitably, what could be more dainty, if only for evening wear—without the hoops, of course?

I quite agree that the hooped skirt is out of the question in these hurrying days.

But why not revive the dresses of the Stuart period? In a modified form, these could be

## HOW TO GET DRINKS ON A DRY SHIP.

START BY FALLING OFF THE QUAY



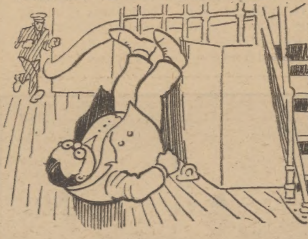
YOU WILL BE RESCUED AND ORDERED A "RESTORATIVE"



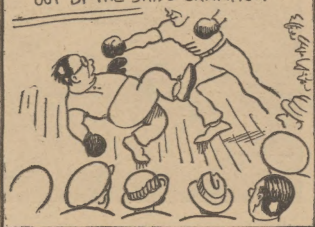
YOU MIGHT FALL OVERBOARD NEXT



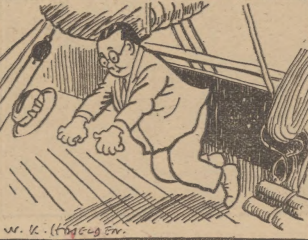
FALL ON TO THE HARD DECK



POSE AS A PUGILIST AND GET KNOCKED OUT BY THE SHIP'S CHAMPION



GET IN THE WAY OF AN IN-SWINGING BOAT



Go in for a few little accidents which will enable you to plead "doctor's orders" for alcoholic nourishment.

the average traveller were a little more considerate.

For instance, take those people who will stand huddled at one end of the lift, in spite of the repeated call to "move up, please!" There is often no real crowding at all, but room for all, if only people would make way for others. Why is the average crowd so like a flock of sheep, standing perplexed in the middle of a road? WIMBLEDON. G. M. T.

### COOLING DRINKS.

POSSIBLY a few suggestions for ideal cooling drinks would be of use to readers in this warm weather.

Everybody one goes one hears the question: "What can one drink to be cool?" Perhaps one of the nicest and oldest-fashioned of drinks is cold tea, without sugar or milk. This revives without heating. Alcohol only makes one feel hotter. ONE WHO KEEPS COOL.

### ENDOWED THEATRES.

WM. is a little hard on State theatres. "Who fact is that they don't exist primarily for the purpose of producing the latest thing in plays. They exist to produce the great classics of a nation's literature."

The Théâtre Français is good at Racine and Molière. What theatre have we in England which can be relied upon to produce Shakespeare regularly—except the Old Vic, which is practically endowed, since it has just received a large sum of money from a public-spirited citizen? A REGULAR PLAYGOER.

even lovelier than the Victorian ones, and perhaps more suitable to most modern women. The Cromwell plays and films always excite murmurs of admiration. The round lace and muslin collars so much worn by the ladies of those days are in fashion again at the moment. Perhaps some enterprising "modiste" will introduce us to a dress that goes with them. That would be the next best thing to the costumes of the "David Garrick" period—the prettiest.

MODERN GIRL.

### BOARD OF TRADE FIGURES.

I SHOULD like to comment upon the Board of Trade's cost of living figures. Whatever the rights or wrongs of the dockers' dispute may be, one cannot get away from the hard fact that the figures quoted are not a fair indication of the purchasing value of the pound for individuals.

With bread, meat, bacon, cheese, sugar, and vegetables up from 80 per cent. to 250 per cent., and coal, rates, clothes, fares, education, etc., from 80 per cent. to 150 per cent. above 1914 figures, I fail to understand the means by which they arrive at their averages.

If the Board of Trade were more reliable in their figures, there would be no grounds for dispute among large bodies of workers, and the national inconvenience caused by a strike would not be experienced.

I would suggest the Board's mathematicians applied themselves to a little practical house-keeping in order to ascertain the true facts.

THREE POUNDS A WEEK.

## BEWARE OF BEING A BAD LOSER!

IS THE CRAZE FOR SUCCESS HARMING OUR SPORTS?

By E. F. FORSTER.

IN days gone by we were taught that to be a "good loser" was one of the most marked traits of the genuine player of games. This ideal becoming obsolete?

I hear it said that the bad loser is making his presence felt in nearly all branches of sport.

It is asserted that he has been rampant for years in professional football. Hence police protection for referees, and all the rest of the unlovely phenomena. Now golf, tennis and other games, they say, are becoming as tainted with the "win-tie-or-wrangle" spirit.

The only game in which the bad loser does not raise his abhorred head is cricket, and the ancient traditions still seem to rule pavilion and field.

To what are we to attribute this disquieting factor in the athletic life—if it really exists, as many people think it does?

Part of it may be due to the insensate worship of success which is a feature of modern civilisation.

Our young men are taught from their earliest years that material success is the only thing worth considering in life, and unconsciously they import the same idea from the commercial world into the totally dissimilar one of sport.

Defeat is felt as a disgrace, a stigma. Those horrid little books which impress upon the plastic mind of youth that if a man does not get on he had better get out are not without their unhealthy influence even on the playing field.

### CONTROL YOUR NERVES!

That it is unhealthy needs very little demonstration.

Unthinking lads and young men get it into their heads that defeat in games is something to be ashamed of, to be apologetic about. This cheery old sporting spirit, which truly held that the game was the important matter, and that the next best thing to winning was losing, is being stifled by the undue importance given to success.

Again, this is a neurotic age, and in these days "nerves" takes many queer forms—even to notable athletes walking off in a pet, and declaring like spoiled children that they "won't play any more." In a more robust period, when "nerves" among sportsmen were unheard of, a game ended with the victors cheering the losers, who returned the compliment, and then came perhaps a supper, with the utmost harmony and good-fellowship. Sulks and tempers were left to women.

A third factor may be the exaggerated hero-worship which is the portion of the prominent player. A leading athlete has to sign more autograph-books than a field-marshal returning from a campaign which has saved the Empire. Incense has a very sweet perfume, but it is apt to go to the head. Consequently, the worshipped athlete is apt to think that his defeat will spread such terror and dismay among his faithful followers that his prestige will be seriously diminished. And he hates the thought of this.

Let us get back to the old belief that the game is the thing that matters, and that there is no disgrace in defeat when one has done one's best. Surely the duty of conflict is not less honourable than the palm!

**Barker & Dobson**  
**VIKING**  
**CHOCOLATES**  
ASSORTED  
with cool delicious centres.

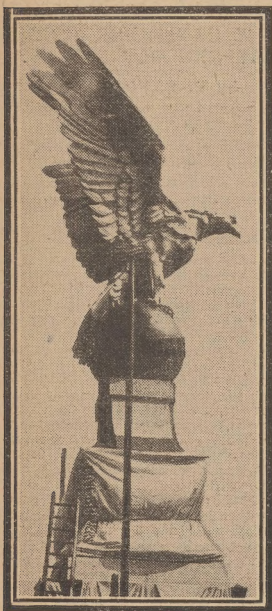
THAT is why people find "Viking" Chocolates so delightful in Summer-time and one reason why you should insist on "Viking" Chocolates.

The velvety smooth coating of chocolate is better than ever, and like everything Barker & Dobson, "Viking" Chocolates are guaranteed absolutely pure and wholesome.

Sold in 4lb., 1lb. and 2lb. boxes at 2/3, 4/ and 8/- per box. And by weight at 1/- per 4lb.

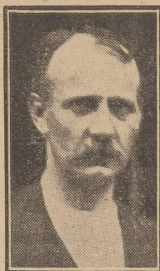
**BARKER & DOBSON, Ltd.**  
**LIVERPOOL & LONDON**

## AIR FORCE EAGLE



This bronze eagle, which weighs about four tons, is poised on the top of the pylon now being erected on the Embankment for the Royal Air Force war memorial. This is to be unveiled on Monday week.

## RAIL CRASH VICTIMS



Harry Holdsworth, driver of second express engine, suffered shock.



Fred Turner, driver of the pilot engine, was severely injured.



Mr. J. H. Keyser, who was killed in Leeds express disaster.



Mrs. Keyser, his wife, also killed. They lived at Leeds.

The inquest on the four persons killed by the express train disaster at Diggle, Yorkshire, will be opened to-day. The railway company began an inquiry at Manchester yesterday. Mr. Keyser, who lived at Leeds, was a commercial traveller for a London firm.

## IN COLOURS AND GARB OF MANY COUNTRIES



A charming group of costumed helpers at the International Fair, held yesterday, in aid of the endowment fund of Crosby Hall at Chelsea.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



IN HIGH STATE.—Miss Joan Johnson, a charming baby, amid lavish decoration, which took first prize for decorated "prams" at Uxbridge carnival.



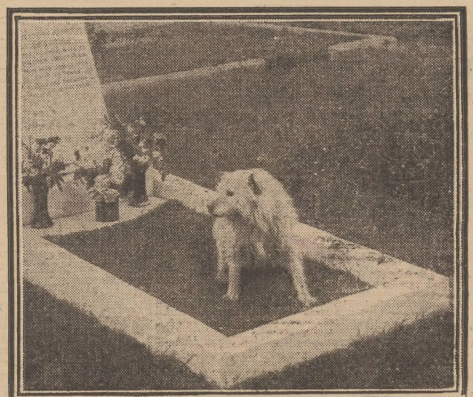
THE PLAYERS WIN.—Right, F. Maclean, clean bowled by Hitch towards the close of the Gentlemen's innings at the Oval yesterday. Left, A. C. Wilkinson making an off drive. The Players won by six wickets, Sandham scoring 74 not out.



A CAT AND DOG LIFE.—One of the Avon Vale hounds with its chosen "pal." They get on together in admirable harmony, as the photograph would suggest.



WITH THE CHOSEN TWO.—This Thames swan originally had a family of four. One she deliberately pushed over Sunbury Weir, another she deserted.



A DOG'S FIDELITY.—A dog belonging to Mr. William Southern, of Edingley, Notts, which spends its days guarding the grave of its late mistress.



D'Alvarez, who will sing at the Albert Hall concert to-morrow afternoon in aid of the Somme Battlefields Memorial.



Douglas Fairbanks, son of the famous film actor, is to act for the Paramount Film in Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer."

## SUN AND BREEZE.

A Dockland Priest—Year's Best Novelist—Famous Eton Master.

THE HOT WEATHER has come, and no one has grumbled—though that will come also! "The anti-cyclone," says the expert, "is extensive and likely to be maintained," which means that the heat will go on. But we are promised an increase in the wind, causing a moderation of the high temperature, which in London yesterday was 11 deg. above normal for this time of year.

### Bumbledom in the Heat.

The first night of the heat-wave filled the London parks. It was very delightful, for there has not yet been enough sun to take the freshness out of the grass or the trees. I was in Kensington Gardens, and was struck with the reluctance of people to leave at ten o'clock. The attendants had a big job to get them out. But why close the parks at ten o'clock on a stifling night? Our rules and regulations should be made more elastic.

### Golden Street.

Any street in the West End yesterday was Golden Street. The blaze of light and the throng of diaphanous dress made it so. The longer skirt is undoubtedly in, though the artistic eye may shed a tear. But like love, it is all right in moderation. The extreme was the pretty girl in gold gossamer, so to say, whose waist line was over the hips and skirt touching the ground.

### Suburban Wear.

In the leafy suburbs of London many a quiet road was in the picture yesterday morning, thanks to the many girls wearing varied shades of pink or yellow, which were thrown into lovely relief by the green background. If the bus tops were a parterre, the green roads in suburbia were a living picture.

### Count and Countess van Buren.

Under this title the Queen of the Netherlands and the Prince Consort are enjoying incognito their visit to Bydai Hall, Westminster. The Princess Juliana is delighted with the picturesque neighbourhood, and she will be joined in a day or two by the Countess of Athlone, who is her cousin.

### Royal Garden Party.

The date of the garden party at Buckingham Palace, to which so many people eagerly look forward, has not yet been fixed, but it will probably take place in the last week in July. At this there is always a great gathering of the celebrities of cathedral towns with their wives and daughters.

### Official Delays.

Everybody some time or other suffers from official delays, but few have to put up with an experience like that of the Duchess of Oporto, who tells me that notwithstanding most cordial friendship with the President of the Portuguese Republic and permission given three and a half years ago to remove her husband's possessions from the Palace of Ajuda, in Lisbon, the boxes still remain there under lock and key.



Duchess of Oporto.

### British Stability.

The Duchess, who, by her marriage with the late Crown Prince of Portugal, is also Princess of Braganza, was a brilliant figure at the Lansdowne House reception this week, having come over from Paris for the function with Lady Crewe, Lord Charles Montagu and Baron and Baroness James Rothschild. After years of Continental travel, she is more than ever impressed, she says, with the wonderful sense of stability of all things British.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

### Contrasts.

I suppose there could not be a greater contrast between two women than that existing between Miss Maude Royden and Mrs. Creighton, the proposer and seconder of the movement to delete the word "Obey" from the marriage service: the seconder belongs to the older school of public women and was Bishop Creighton's most able helper, while Miss Maude Royden is essentially of the new school, even in things religious.

### Clever Diplomat.

The cause of Arabia is fairly sure to prosper in the hands of the first diplomatic representative they are sending us—Prince Habib Lotfallah—for he is not only an exceptionally clever man, but he knows London well, and is a fine sportsman. Among other things, he is a keen polo player. Incidentally, he is very good-looking. Last time he was in London was in 1920 as Envoy from King Hassan, but before the war he was an attaché to the Turkish Embassy.

### Notable Roll of Honour.

I suppose every roll of honour is notable; but there is something exceptional in that which hangs on the west wall of the Church of St. Thomas, Regent-street. The thirty or forty names include those of Edith Cavell and Horatio Herbert Kitchener. I conclude they were both parishioners.

### "Unknown" Actor.

Charles Cherry, who is playing the lead in "Success" at the Haymarket, was hitherto unknown to most London theatre-goers. He has been in America for a considerable number of years. His mother was Lady Emily Cherry, aunt of the present Earl of Rothes. He acted originally in England under an assumed name, but changed back to his own when a relative congratulated him on being a credit to his family.



Mr. Charles Cherry.

### Reciprocation.

We are having a good dose of American plays, but the exchange is not altogether against us. New York is to see the type of revue actress which is our speciality. Both Gertrude Lawrence and Beatrice Lillie are to appear in a typical Charlotte production at the Times-square Theatre. But this does not happen till New Year's Eve.

### Drury Lane's Garden.

Those who know Drury-lane—not the theatre, but the narrow, congested street—will wonder how a garden party can be held there. But the scene-painters from the theatre and the florists from Covent Garden have made a delightful old-world garden out of the bare playground of St. Martin's School. Mrs. Winston Churchill will open the party this afternoon. The Rev. Rupert Strong, vicar of St. John's, Broad-court, who will direct the proceedings, is also padre of Queen Victoria's Rifles.

### Notable American Surgeon.

A notable visitor to this country at present is Dr. William J. Mayo, of the Rochester Clinic, U.S.A., who, with his brother, Dr. Charles Mayo, has built up a surgical clinic which is unique in medical history. Dr. Mayo is head of the largest surgical hospital in the world.

### Distinguished Linesmen.

Some very distinguished people acted as linesmen for the match between Mlle. Lenglen and Miss McKane yesterday. The Hon. Cecil Campbell took one of the base-lines and "Bill" Johnston, who looks like gaining the championship to-day, supervised a service line. H. Roper Barrett, glorious in morning coat, kept a keen eye on one of the side-lines, and Commander Hillyard was in the umpire's chair.

### The Sun and Players.

It was a really hot day, and no doubt the sun had something to do with the comparative "tameness" of some players' performances. Miss Colyer and Miss Austin, the acrobatic English girls, who have caused a sensation this year, protected themselves from the sun by light scarves inserted in the décolletage of their costumes. Miss McKane did the same. But Mlle. Lenglen took no such precautions.

### Well-Worn Cassock.

Father Wainwright, who has just celebrated his jubilee at St. Peter's, Wapping, lives a life of Spartan-like simplicity. His habits and tastes are simple. He cares nothing for himself—only for his beloved church and beloved parishioners. His study at the Clergy House is strewn with papers—the Bishop of London believes it is the most uncomfortable in which he has ever been—and he has worn the same cassock for more than twenty years.

### His Own Schools.

He takes great interest in Dockland and the dockers, and I am afraid he won't spend any of the £1,000 cheque he received from friends to mark his jubilee on himself. His schools are his special concern. They are unique in their way—they are the only schools in London not under the London County Council. They are wholly supported by voluntary contributions, and Father Wainwright raises £2,000 every year to carry on this work.

### Lord Curzon on Books.

Lord Curzon showed himself a model chairman as well as an eloquent orator at the annual meeting of the members of the London Library, and had much that was interesting to say about those great private libraries which are being brought under the hammer and dispersed. He raised a laugh by quoting a statement of Disraeli to Sir William Harcourt to the effect that the works which specially comforted him in his old age were those relating to theology and the classics.

### Taught Lord Balfour.

A Life by Lord Esler is about to remind us of the famous Eton master, William Johnson Cory, the author of that delightful volume of poetry, "Tonica." His pupils included both the Earl of Rosebery and the Earl of Balfour, and it was he who wrote of the former that he is "one of those who like the palm without the dust." Like Mr. Oscar Browning, he resigned his mastership in consequence of a quarrel with the headmaster, Dr. Hornby.



Mrs. J. M. Beck, wife of the United States Solicitor-General, now on a visit to London.



Lady Cayzer, wife of Sir Charles Cayzer, gave a dance last night at Prince's Gate.

### Hawthornden Prize.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is to announce the winner of the Hawthornden Prize at the Aeolian Hall this afternoon. The prize, which takes the form of a cheque for £100 and a commemorative medal, is given to the writer of what is judged to be the best imaginative work of the year. Mr. Edward Shanks was the first winner, and a subsequent winner has been Mr. Edmund Blunden.

### Painter and Dancer.

It is not often that a girl of nineteen is "hung on the line" at the Royal Academy, but this happened this year to Miss Juliet Wigan, who is also a very fine dancer, and will be dancing for charity to-day down at Hampton Court.

### Bishops in Town.

London just now is full of Bishops, many of whom have come up for the Anglo-Catholic Congress, and those who like to hear a Bishop preach will have their chance to-morrow, when seven Bishops are booked to preach in London pulpits.

### Singer's Tour.

Miss Ethel Hook, the contralto singer—a sister of Dame Clara Butt—is back in London from a two-year tour through Africa and Australia. In Capetown she gave a recital "by command" before Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Governor-General of South Africa. Miss Hook tells me that she made many friends in the hospitable Dominions. She recommences her English engagements with a season at the Trocadero.

THE RAMBLER.

# Caley's Holiday Chats

## Travel in Comfort

AS the train steamed out of the station you were all so buoyant and jolly. The wife and the kiddies never seemed more entertaining.

But as the miles sped by you became conscious that something was lacking to the maintenance of your full enjoyment.

A longing for food recalled that in your excitement to get away you had all but totally neglected your last meal at home. What would you now just give for a snack?

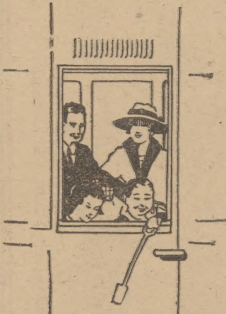
But you cannot always manage to travel by restaurant car, and though you may think you have brought all you require, some little thing is sure to have been forgotten. That some little thing may mean all the difference between comfort and discomfort.

Had you included a packet or two of

## Caley's Marching Chocolate

the continuance of your journey would have been as delightful as the beginning. Don't make the mistake this time when starting your holiday.

Always carry with you the little blue and khaki packet which contains the chocolate that sustains and does not create thirst.



# Best wishes for a Happy Holiday

FROM

A. J. CALEY & SON, LTD., NORWICH and LONDON.

## CHILDREN'S DAY AT YARMOUTH CARNIVAL—WONDERFUL SU



A pretty Chinese scene in one of the fancy dress tableaux at Yarmouth Carnival yesterday.

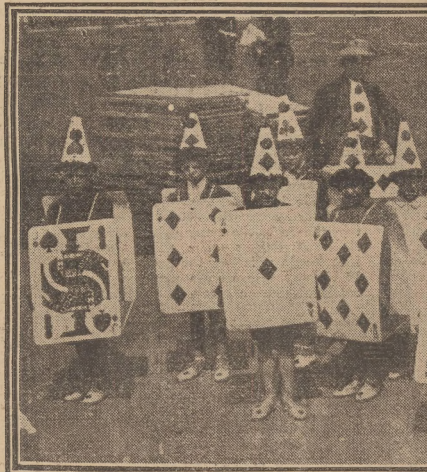


Another of the many beautiful cars which joined in the procession.

Yesterday was children's day in Great Yarmouth's Carnival. Boys and girls from all the schools of the celebrated fishing port joined in a wonderful pageant on a perfect summer



Falstaff (Councillor A. V. George) in a comic tennis game.



"A quiet game of nap," as represented.



Bottom and the fairies—a charming scene from "Midsummer Night's Dream."



"Lord Nelson," "Lady Hamilton" and "Portia" judging a section of the children's parade.

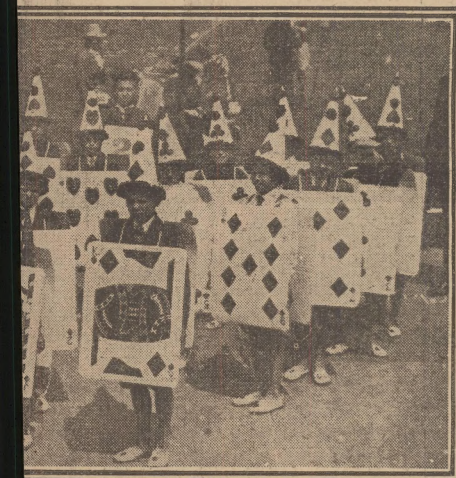
# SESSION OF PICTURESQUE CARS IN A SUMMER-DAY PAGEANT



King Carnival (wearing chain) and "The Mayor of 1800."



Many of the children of the old woman who lived in a shoe—comfortably housed with curtained windows.



ital boys—a very sunny set of "hands."



An Eastern potentate complete with scenery and a young jockey.



A group of schoolboy "Fascisti" saluting the judges and an admiring crowd.



A merry group of pierrettes throw streamers to the sightseers.

and provided a splendid succession of beautiful tableaux on decorated cars. These represented favourite nursery tales and even scenes from Shakespeare.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

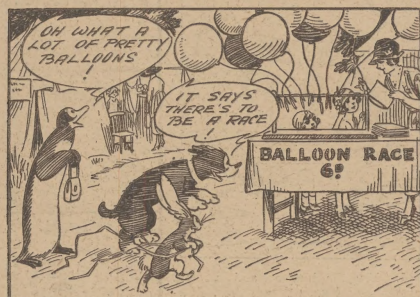


# PIP AND SQUEAK

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1923

## THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

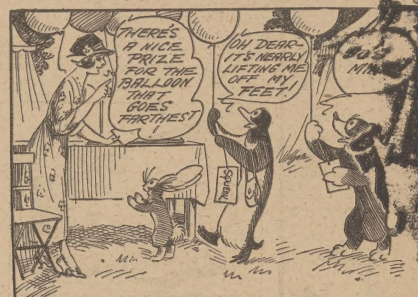
No. 91.—BUT FOR A FRIENDLY ROOK WILFRED WOULD BE BALLOONING STILL



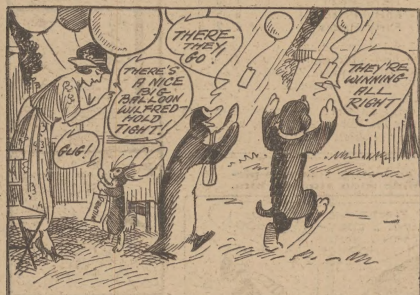
1. While at a charity fete yesterday the pets came across a stall covered with big balloons.



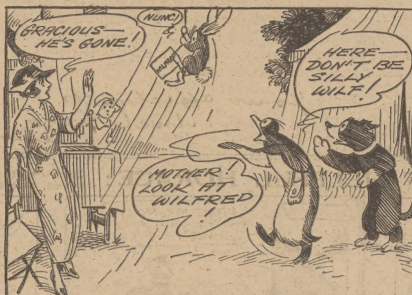
2. They discovered that by paying sixpence, you could buy a balloon and enter it for a "race."



3. Pip and Squeak were delighted when they were given two balloons. Wilfred clamoured for his.



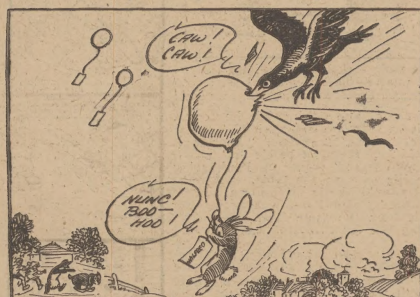
4. "Here's a lovely balloon for you, Wilfred," said the lady in charge. "Hold it tight!"



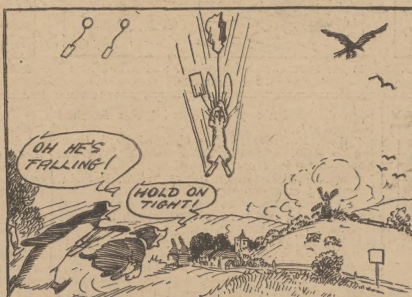
5. Wilfred, however, had no sooner clutched the string than—it carried him up in the air!



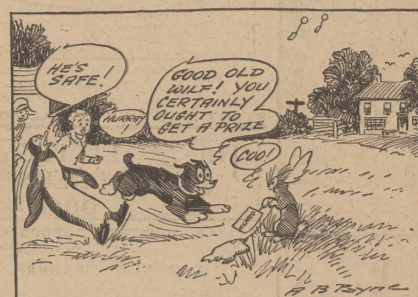
6. Off he went, soaring towards the clouds, followed on the ground by excited crowds of youngsters.



7. He might have come down in France—if a friendly rook hadn't pecked his balloon for him!



8. Of course, as the gas came out, down came Wilfred like a parachute through the air.



9. He couldn't have arrived with much of a bump, for he sat up and cooed with delight!

## "I-WONDER-WHY" HERBERT: No. 21.

Herbert finds that it is not at all easy to hunt the "wild buffalo."



1. "Just watch me!" boasted Herbert. "I'll soon catch this wild buffalo."



2. But the "buffalo" had different ideas. Pogo began chasing him, but—



3.—this only made things worse. Herbert found it was he who was caught.



4. As usual, father came up at the critical moment, and then Herbert "explained."



# BEGIN READING THIS GREAT NEW SERIAL TO-DAY WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUE

By  
VALENTINE



PEGGY.

She proves to have received no worse hurt than a sprained ankle, and he takes her home, where he is cordially thanked by the girl's kindly father, Dr. Chelsfield. Her name, he learns, is Peggy. Reginald Sturry, heir to a baronetcy, is a frequent visitor to the Chelsfields, where he is in the warm favour of Mrs. Chelsfield, a snobbish woman, who can conceive no better match for her daughter. Reggie admires Peggy immensely, and he is displeased and jealous when John Smith visits the house, but a remark let fall by Sir Martin Wyvold, the celebrated K.C., almost seems to decide that he knows something. About John Smith's earlier history. Later, in the old-world Devon home of John's aunt, Mary and Rebecca, it appears that John is the son of John Parman-Smith, who received seven years' penal servitude for fraud eighteen years ago and disappeared after his release. John has been kept in complete ignorance of this unhappy circumstance, and he is at his aunt's house when his father, Dr. Chelsfield, and the more ladies persuade John's father to keep his identity a secret and John takes a liking to him and wants to find him a job.

## PEGGY IS DEFIANT.

DURING those three weeks in which John Smith was seeing quite a lot of Peggy and her father three other people were not a little concerned about him, though all in different ways.

In the mind of Sir Martin Wyvold, K.C., John Smith was constantly cropping up, and was causing him not a little uneasiness, for he had a baronet's memory for faces, and the more he thought over it the more convinced was he that the strong likeness between John Smith and John Parman-Smith, of the British Freedom League, who had stood in the dock at the Old Bailey eighteen years ago, was something else than a fancy of his brain.

Mrs. Chelsfield, too, was worried about John Smith, though for quite another reason, for she had recently discovered that her husband and Peggy were seeing quite a lot of him, and because he kept a shop. Mrs. Chelsfield's ideas of good form were outraged. She had no desire to have a shopkeeper for a son-in-law.

Reginald Sturry, too, was every bit as annoyed as Mrs. Chelsfield, for until the advent of John Smith he had believed himself to be without a rival for Peggy's affections.

True, he had never approached her in the light of a suitor, but by virtue of his three thousand-a-year income he reckoned that as soon as he proposed Peggy would, as a matter of course, accept him.

For Reginald Sturry, being the only son of a baronet who lived in Grosvenor square, and being a member of half a dozen clubs and possessed of a handsome allowance from his father, rated himself somewhat highly.

Now that it had for the first time dawned on him that his position was not quite so secure as he had imagined it, he decided that he had better act quickly, and for that purpose went up to Whitehome Cottage one afternoon.

Mrs. Chelsfield and the doctor were out, the maid told him, but Miss Peggy was in the garden. Would he like to see her? Sturry told her he would, and strolled through the drawing-room into the garden.

Peggy, sitting under this chestnut-tree on the lawn with a book looked up with her bright smile.

"Hallo, Reggie. Come and sit down. Mother and dad have gone up west. They'll be back to tea. You'll stay, won't you?"

Sturry thought he would and sat down. Running his eye over Peggy he told himself that she was growing lovelier every day. She would certainly more than compensate him, he thought, for then it did occur to him that he was contemplating giving up.

"You look perfectly lovely, Peggy!" he exclaimed.

"A thousand thanks, kind sir," she replied saucily. "There's nothing you want, is there?"

Sturry reached out and took her hand.

"Yes," he said, "you!"

Peggy's little heart missed a beat. It came as a little shock to her to think that he was attempting, as she thought, to flirt with her, though she endeavoured to laugh it off lightly.

"Absurd person!" she said, taking her hand away. "You don't need to make pretty speeches to me. We're pals, you and I, Reggie."

Not even then did it occur to her to take him seriously, though she saw quickly enough from the expression in his face that this time she had made a mistake.

"Peggy, I'm not making pretty speeches. I mean it every word. I love you—I want you to marry me."

"Oh, Reggie!" The girl's face had gone suddenly white, as realisation swept over her, and in her tender little heart there was nothing but pity for the pain she felt for him.

"I didn't know! I didn't guess. I thought..."

She stopped abruptly, not knowing how to go on. Sturry for his part took her confusion for bashfulness and laid his hand again on hers.

"My dear kiddie, that's all right. Have I taken you by surprise? Well, it's a pleasant surprise, I hope," he added, seeing that she never answered, but just sat there gazing in front of her. "You know I've always been frightfully fond of you and I can give you everything you want."

"Oh, Reggie, stop, stop!"

The girl had sprung to her feet, consternation in her pale face.

"You mean..."

"Reggie," earnestly, "it's sweet of you to ask me, but I can't marry you, I really can't. Oh, don't be cross with me," she laid her little hand on his coat sleeve. "I—I don't love you! Believe me, I never dreamed of this. I thought you liked me—just as a friend."

"So I do, Peggy, but a chap wants more than friendship from a girl like you. If you'll only give me a chance..."

"Please, please!" begged the girl. "Don't make it hard for me! Can't you see how I hate having to say this to you, but it's no use, dear, I could never love you that way—never!"

I suppose it's that Smith man who's cut me out," he said, utter a little pained cry.

Peggy wheeled round on him, her cheeks aflame.

"You've no right to say such things," she flashed. Then she went on in softened tones: "Try and realise how hard it is for a girl to have to refuse anyone who has been as good to her as you have to me. Must we—must we spoil it all?"

She put out her hands to him with the sweet impulsiveness of a child, and few men indeed could have resisted the earnest pleading of her fresh young voice. But Sturry's eyes were fixed sullenly on the ground.

"Until he came along," he muttered, "I never went about with anyone but me. It's a



"You look perfectly lovely, Peggy!" Sturry exclaimed—"A thousand thanks, kind sir," she replied saucily. "There's nothing you want, is there?"

Sturry reached out and took her hand. "Yes," he said, "you!"

little hard that a fellow you know nothing about—"

"Stop!" exclaimed the girl, stamping her foot. "You're forgetting yourself. I've never given you any reason to think that you and I were other than good friends—or were likely to be. Three months ago," she paused significantly. "I should have told you the same. And now, if you please, we'll close the discussion."

An hour later, after Sturry had gone, Mrs. Chelsfield turned to her daughter.

"What's the matter with Reggie? she queried. "He seems quite unlike his usual cheerful self," Peggy coloured slightly.

"We had a little difference of opinion, mother," she said.

"Over what?"

The girl hesitated for a moment. Then:

"I'm sorry to say, mother," she said, with obvious reluctance, that Reggie proposed to me and I—I had to refuse him."

The old doctor fidgeted a little in his chair. He could see from the expression on his wife's face that there was trouble coming, for Mrs. Chelsfield was surveying her daughter with dangerous calm.

"And why, pray?" she asked with icy politeness.

"Because I don't love him," said the girl simply.

"I suppose my wishes and your father's wishes..." began Mrs. Chelsfield, but her daughter interrupted her quickly.

"Mother," she exclaimed, "I'm sure Daddy would never wish me to marry a man I didn't love."

"Dicia," urged the doctor in low tones, "it is hardly fair to expect her to—"

"Oh, if you prefer a shopkeeper for a son-in-law, James—"

"Mother," broke in the girl, her cheeks crimson, "how can you say such things! I—I—"

She stopped abruptly. Then she got up from her chair.

"I'm sorry, mother," she said, "if I've upset you, but I like Mr. Sturry as a friend and nothing more. I told him this afternoon, and I also told him that nothing will ever make me change my mind."

As she walked slowly across the lawn to the house Mrs. Chelsfield rose to her feet.

"I trust you're satisfied with what you've done, James," she said.

## SUSPICIONS AWAKENED.

REGINALD STURRY, when he left Whitehome Cottage that afternoon, was in anything but a good temper. Spoilt as he had been all his life, it was a new and altogether unpleasant sensation for him to be refused in anything on which he had really set his heart. And he had certainly set his heart on Peggy Chelsfield. For, as far as he was capable, he was really fond of her. He was quite prepared to load her with beautiful frocks and jewels, deeming that such generosity on his part would be well worth while, as her youth and beauty would compensate him for the money thus spent.

Many a prospective bridegroom whose indulgent parents have warned him not by pandering to his ideas of his own importance, has held similar ideas and has been more than a little surprised that there exist girls who rate portable property somewhat lightly when love does not happen to be on the same side of the scales.

But Reginald Sturry knew none of these things. All his life he had been taught that money was the one great irresistible force, and even though he was both surprised and annoyed at his refusal, he was by no means ready to accept it as final.

He found it quite impossible to believe that an unknown young man who was running a tiny shop could really be a permanent rival to him.

Reginald Sturry, man about town and heir to a baronetcy, Peggy, he reasoned, had probably got a momentary infatuation for Smith, but, as was often the way with girls of her age, it would soon pass no doubt, and moreover it might be possible to devise some means of discrediting him in the house.

Moody at the dashing of his hopes, he drifted down to his club and sat for some time drinking cocktails. And by the time he had consumed half a dozen he was in that frame of mind when a man will laugh contemptuously at fate and bid her do her worst, with a devil-may-care air.

And it was at that moment that Sir Martin Wyvold came into the room and with a nod to Sturry took up a paper and sat down. But Sturry was not to be dismissed so lightly in his present frame of mind.

"Well, Sir Martin," he said, his mind still running on John Smith and remembering his last meeting with the K.C., "have you fixed the identity of our friend John Smith?"

The other looked up with studied indifference, for he had no particular affection for Sturry.

"Who's John Smith?" he asked. "You yourself asked me who he was not long ago when I brought him in here. You seemed so interested in him that I thought—"

"Ah, yes, so did," said the other, cutting him short. "Faces are puzzling things, aren't they?"

He turned back to his paper, but Sturry wasn't so easily put off. He edged his chair a shade closer.

"At any rate," he said, "it might interest you to know that you'll probably soon have him in the family. Unless I'm much mistaken he and Peggy—"

"He stopped abruptly, amazed at the sudden change in the other's attitude.

"You mean to tell me they're engaged?" he demanded sharply.

"Oh, I don't say that they're actually engaged, but I think—"

Sir Martin Wyvold got up from his chair, crumpling his newspaper up in his hand.

"Who the deuce wants to know what you think?" he exclaimed angrily. "If you've got nothing better to do than talk gossip I've got something better to do than listen to you."

He strode across the room and out of the door, and Sturry whistled softly.

"Jove!" he said, "I haven't half-touched him up. So he does know who John Smith is, and there's something fishy about him. I'd give something to know what it all means."

Another fine instalment on Monday.

## MANY £5 NOTES for Clever Suggestions

If you do not want to be crushed in the Summer Sale shopping crowds send your suggestions to us and we send you a £5 note for every suggestion we find useful.

**14/6**  
CREPE FROCK  
(Regular Price 12s.)

Satisfaction or money back if goods returned within 3 days.

State height or person, and favourite colour, when ordering.

The day-dress on the way, but not the night-dress, pyjamas. Order

**INDIANOLA PYJAMAS**

for them. They are soft as velvet, of silky, supple quality, superb quality and wear longer than 3 others.

Sent P.O. for each suit, Post free.

**7/6**  
14/6 for two, 28/6 for four, 42/6 for six, 54/6 for a dozen.

Each Frock and every Two Suits will be accompanied by our "Suggestion Form."

We need your advice as regards style, material, shade, etc., and we pay £5 IN CASH for the clearest of each 100 suggestions. "SUGGESTIONS" must reach us by July 10, and the names of winners will be published in this paper July 25.

"INDIANOLA" MANUFACTURING CO.,  
23, White Street, Moorfields,  
LONDON, E.C.2.

## FREE IN 7 DAYS! NERVOUSNESS TIMIDITY, BLUSHING

A Genuine Home Cure for Nervousness, Blushing, Self-consciousness, Shyness, Timidity, Twitchings, Lack of Confidence, Depression, Indigestion, Nerve, Stomach and Heart Weakness. A Guaranteed Cure for either sex, simple, private, no inconvenience. **HAS CURED THOUSANDS** after Doctors' Physical and Mental Treatment failed. In **SEVEN DAYS** you will be FREE. Don't miss this chance. Write at once, for full particulars will be sent FREE by post, or a letter or postcard mentioning "The Daily Mirror." Send to-day. Address: E. M. DEAN, 10, All Saints' Road, St. Anne-on-Sea.



## Young Girls Clear Away Pimples With Cuticura

Gently smear the pimples with Cuticura Ointment on the end of the finger. Wash with Cuticura Soap and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring.  
Soap 6s. Talcum 3s. 3d. Ointment 3s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold everywhere. British Depot—  
F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 23, Charterhouse St., London, E.C.1.  
Cuticura Soap shaves without mud.

## LOOK! TO ALL TENNIS PLAYERS

A revolution in Tennis Boundary Nets. These Nets are specially made with stout lines on all four sides, causing them to hang full length, width and square.  
Prices: 25 yds. x 2 yds. 16/6 per net. Carriage Paid. Cash returned in full if unsatisfactory.  
25 yds. x 3 yds. 18/6 do.  
25 yds. x 4 yds. 25/6 do.  
List and samples with full particulars free.

## H.J. GASSON & SONS

ESTABLISHED OVER 20 YEARS. RYE, SUSSEX.

## IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS

Every Mother who values the Health and Cleanliness of her Child should use HARRISON'S POMADE. One application kills all Lice and Vermen, beautifies and strengthens the Hair. Cures Scurf & Dandruff. Sold by all Chemists, 8d. and 1/-! Insist on having

## HARRISON'S POMADE

Miss Letten will probably be the only representative of this country competing in these events.

## PLAYERS' VICTORY.

Hitch Narrowly Misses a Hat-Trick at the Oval.

## YORKSHIRE AGAIN.

The Gentlemen never looked like making a big score at the Oval when play was resumed yesterday. A. C. Wilkinson treated the bowling with great respect and was cheered with gentle irony when he cut Peach for two in order to pitch the 50 on the board.

Hitch just missed a hat-trick. He got Falcon caught at first slip; McEwen followed, and was bowled first ball. Clay, next in, hit dangerously at Hitch's next ball, but, luckily for him, he missed it, yet the next delivery shattered his wicket. Thus Hitch took four wickets in four balls, and in the innings took four for 48. The Amateurs were all out for 191 shortly after lunch, and the Professionals won with six wickets in hand, Sandham contributing a splendid 74 not out.

Yorkshire secured another of their somewhat startling wins. Warwick were left to get 233 for victory, a task which seemed well within their powers, but the bowling of Macaulay, with six wickets for 54, was mainly responsible for the dismissal of the Midlanders 96 behind the champions' total.

Henderson got another 100 at Lord's against Oxford University in two hours and ten minutes.

The leading counties in the championship table now are: Yorkshire, 65.25 per cent.; Nottingham, 54.25; Lancashire, 68.57; Surrey, 65.33; Sussex, 64.61, and Kent, 50 per cent.

## SIX DAYS' CYCLING.

Teams' Try Out at Olympia Last Evening.

At Olympia last evening an hour's work-out of the fifteen teams entered in the international six-day team bicycle race was given.

During that time an electrifying attempt to steal a lap on the field was made by the American combination, composed of Willie Gougan and Harry Moran. The riders cycled until twenty-five miles in the sixty minutes.

The track was not completed until two hours before the work-out began, and was quite unfamiliar to all the riders, none of whom before has ever attempted to negotiate a wooden saddle in the dimensions of Olympia's track. It is thought the long straights and sharp turns will make for record-breaking speed.

All day to-day the riders will put in practice sprints in preparation for to-night's card of open competition races.

The former is at the top of his form right now, and in that condition has a sprint equalled only by the Australian, McBeath.

The whole field of six-day riders was entertained at luncheon yesterday at the Press Club by Mr. Hayden Talbot, a well-known American journalist, who for years has been a devotee of the sport.

Mr. Talbot will from day to day give his impressions of the racing in *The Daily Mirror*.

## OFF TO CANADA.

Great Britain will be represented in the Canadian and American cycling championships by Miss Edith Leitch, who left London yesterday for Liverpool, where she will board the Montclair for Canada.

## ON ROAD AND PATH.

Personalities of the Motor-Cycle and Their Achievements.

The new champion motor-cyclist of the Navy is well named. Lieutenant C. H. Drake is the new holder of the Arbutnot Trophy, which commemorates the memory of the late Admiral Sir Robert Keith Arbutnot. The late admiral used to take his motor-cycle on board ship with him, so that whenever a few hours on shore were possible he could spend them on the road.

The admiral went down with his ship at Jutland and the trophy which bears his name is a statuette created by Lady Scott from funds subscribed by motor-cyclists.

Tom Whalley, the British winner of the French Grand Prix, is a post-war "find." He was discovered by Robert Vaughan and made a name for himself in the Junior Tourist Trophy race two years ago. This year he made the fastest circuit of the Manx course in the Senior race and then topped across to France to capture the chief of the European road races.

July 28 is to be dedicated to the poor children of the country by motor-cyclists. It is hoped to take tens of thousands of the youngsters into the country by sidecar and local centres are being organised all over the country.

"Pa Appleby," the Grand Old Man of motor-cycling, won his way through the Land's End to John of Groat's trial on one of the smallest of the competing machines.

After a very arduous ride over the entire length of Great Britain, many of the competitors sought rest and refreshment at the arrival in Wick. To their disgust they found that the Wick was very dry, having "Punsyfooted" by referendum. L. H. C.

## LORD NORTCLIFFE'S DIARY.

Book That Has Earned Striking Verdicts.

## STORY OF WORLD TOUR.

An intensely human book is "My Journey Round the World" (John Lane, 12s. 6d.), by the late Lord Northcliffe, and it is a book which has had a great appeal, as may be gathered from the observations of reviewers.

The book contained his intimate diary and tells the story, in frank and characteristically illuminating phrases of his journeying in Australia, New Zealand, Indonesia, the Far East, the Sandwich Islands, India and Palestine. It was edited by his brothers, Mr. Cecil Harmsworth and Mr. St. John Harmsworth.

The Prince, for example, wrote of the freshness and spontaneity of his impressions and records, "as making, with the scope of his long journey, Lord Northcliffe's diary—a travel-book of exceptional interest and vitality." *The Daily Mirror* described it as "a wonderful report of many kaleidoscopic scenes."

"It is in its intimacy that the book shows the true sense of the born diarist," wrote the *Sunday Times*.

Because the reader is thus treated the diary, as the *British Weekly* said, "leaves behind it a feeling of affection for the pilgrim."

"His diary," said the *News* and *Military Record*, "is an intimate revelation of a personality which has, perhaps, aroused more interest and awe more power than any of its contemporaries of modern times."

Nothing is kept. Throughout it the personality of the writer, with all its fun, its boyish petulance, its eagerness, and its force, makes itself felt. "This was the verdict of *The Times Literary Supplement*."

Though his diary was too busy to give him much time for hunting up "the just word," the *Nation* and *Athenaeum*, which had never been a gentle critic of his works, noted that "there are passages in this book which show him to be a man of a rare and delicate sense of the cadences of prose and the form of a sentence which is extraordinarily rare even among very good writers."

"Probably a more honest book was never printed," remarked the *Saturday Review*, in a critique of great excellence by a writer who had known him well and admired, even loved him.

The diary of the man who had so large a share in British life and in the triumph of the Allies makes fascinating, fruitful reading.

## TO-DAY'S BROADCASTING

LONDON (369 metres)—11.20-12.30, morning concert; 3.30, women's hour; 6, children's stories; 7, news and weather report; 7.15, Mr. E. Kay Robinson, P.T.S.O., Director of Country Music; "Some More Nature Questions Answered"; 8, L.O. Dance Band; Mr. Walter F. Lantham (animal mimicry); 2 L.O. Dance Band; Mr. Frederick Allen (baritone); 8.15, Mr. Hon. Sir James Worthington Evans, Bart. (Postmaster-General), on "Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops"; 2 L.O. Dance Band; Mr. Walter F. Lantham (animal mimicry); 8.30, L.O. Dance Band; 8.45, BONNE RACE.

## SPECIAL NEWMARKET WIRE.

1.15.—TOTTENHAM. 3.45.—LAZUN. 2.0.—GLASGOW. 3.45.—CRAMFORD. SUN. 2.30.—MOLTON. 4.45.—BONNE RACE. 3.0.—WYKEHAM.

## "SUNDAY PICTORIAL" NAP.

WVIFGDP.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

By Our City Editor.

Markets showed a very weak tone to-day under the influence of the depression in gilt-edged stocks following the Bank Rate rise and a further break in the foreign exchange. France relapsed sharply, Paris to 78.25, Brussels to 95.96.

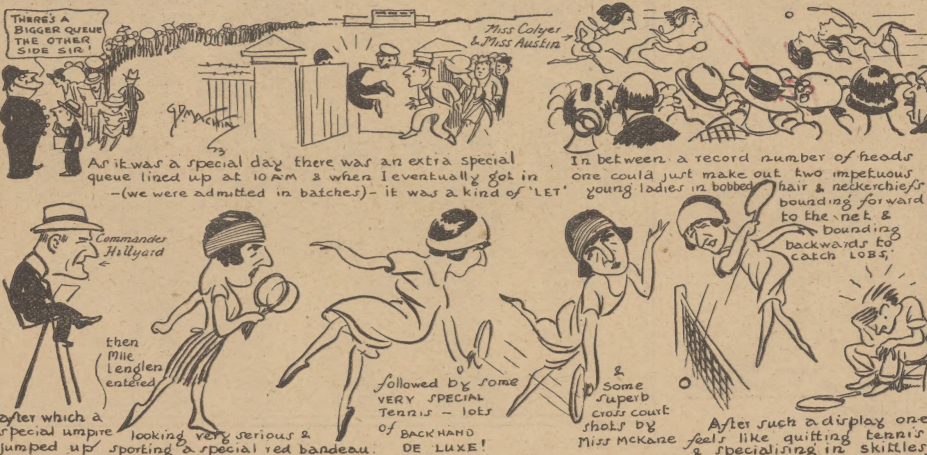
In industrial a feature was the heavy discount at which dealings started in the new Skoda debentures. They found a ready market at 100, but the market was left with about 50 per cent. of the issue. All industrial prices were lower, Counting being only 63s. In the new group of Government securities, 7 1/2s, 10s, 11s, 12s, 13s, 14s, 15s, 16s, 17s, 18s, 19s, 20s, 21s, 22s, 23s, 24s, 25s, 26s, 27s, 28s, 29s, 30s, 31s, 32s, 33s, 34s, 35s, 36s, 37s, 38s, 39s, 40s, 41s, 42s, 43s, 44s, 45s, 46s, 47s, 48s, 49s, 50s, 51s, 52s, 53s, 54s, 55s, 56s, 57s, 58s, 59s, 60s, 61s, 62s, 63s, 64s, 65s, 66s, 67s, 68s, 69s, 70s, 71s, 72s, 73s, 74s, 75s, 76s, 77s, 78s, 79s, 80s, 81s, 82s, 83s, 84s, 85s, 86s, 87s, 88s, 89s, 90s, 91s, 92s, 93s, 94s, 95s, 96s, 97s, 98s, 99s, 100s.

## NEWMARKET RESULTS.

1.0.—PRINCESS STAKES (DIV. 11). 51-01 JULIA (54, F. Bullock); 2, SAN-DIA (6-1); 3, WHITE BREAD (7-2). 3, also ran: Honan (4-1), Strathgairn (5-1), Santa Clara, Archibald's, Low, Crusader's, Pe, Gaudin, Skye, Cloud, Wine, Teacher and Thelma (20-1). Ball three quarters. (Crawford).

1.30.—TOTTENHAM HANDICAP. 61-SYLVAN (10-1); 2, SHRI (11-10); 3, SOLDENNIS (11-2). 3, also ran: Gordon Gair (7-1), Murky Pat, Redstar, Lord, Crest, Sweet Peggy and Lauretta (100-1). Two; che. (De Mestre).

## A SPECIAL QUEUE FOR A SPECIAL DAY AT WIMBLEDON.



As it was a special day there was an extra special queue lined up at 10 AM. 3 when I eventually got in (we were admitted in batches) it was a kind of 'LET'.

In between a record number of heads one could just make out two impetuous young ladies in bobbed hair & neckerchiefs bounding forward to the net & bounding backwards to catch the ball.

## YARMOUTH CARNIVAL.

*The Daily Mirror* will hold a beauty competition to-day in the Cornhill Gardens, Yarmouth, in connection with the carnival week. Readers can record their vote by coupon—

## YARMOUTH CARNIVAL.

"Daily Mirror" Beauty Competition, Wellington Gardens.

"Number" selected \_\_\_\_\_  
Please place your selection number in blank space provided.

## HORSES FOR COURSES.

2.0, Landoff, Petty Cur; 3.0, Friar's Daughter; 3.45, Palomides, Tomahawk; 4.15, Flat, Blarney Stone, Murray, Crumson Sun; 4.45, Alaric, Will-bend, Blaguer.

Cheshire's Champion, 1. Sidebottom (Stockport) won the Cheshire amateur golf championship at Stockport yesterday. He beat M. Schunk (Hale) in the final by 5 up.

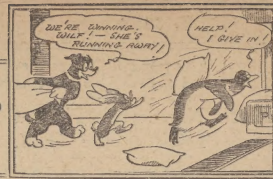
Thousands of people got up specially early yesterday hoping to be at the head of the special queue at Wimbledon. With Mils. Lengon in a final it was really a special day, and everyone tried to rise to the occasion.

# The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



Two whole pages of delight for boys—



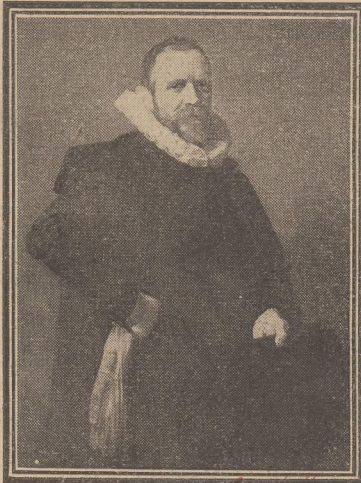
—and girls. Turn to pages 11 and 12.

## LEAVING FOR ADRIER LAND



Mme. Pavlova, the celebrated dancer, and M. Chaliapin, the Russian singer, who will shortly leave England for a tour in the United States. A farewell garden party was given at Golders Green yesterday.

## £19,950 PORTRAIT



Franz Hals' "Portrait of a Gentleman," which at the sale of Sir Joseph Robinson's paintings by old masters yesterday realised 19,000 guineas. It was one of the biggest sales ever held in England.



Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, who commanded the Dover Patrol during the naval raid on Zebrugges, received yesterday the freedom of Folkestone.



Dr. Donald Murray, who sat in the last Parliament as Liberal M.P. for the Western Isles, died in London yesterday at the age of sixty.

## DRAMA OF BURIED JEWELS



Mlle. Clotilde Chaigneau, the Parisian dancer, known as "Clotilde d'Orlys," with a detective. She has been arrested in connection with the disappearance of a diamond necklace said to be worth £10,000 belonging to Mrs. Fielding, a British visitor. Most of the necklace has been found buried.



BACK FROM LONG TOUR.—Miss Ethel Hook, the contralto and sister of Dame Clara Butt, has just returned from a tour of Africa and Australia. She opens a season at the Trocadero concert teas next week.



MISSING.—Mrs. Lane, who is missing from her home at Prince's-square, W.C. She is stated to be suffering from delusions.



NEW CANON.—The Very Rev. Thomas Carey, of the Church of Our Lady of Victories, High-street, Kensington, has been appointed a canon of Westminster.



CHAMPION ARMY SHOT.—Sergeant-Instructor E. Maltman, of the Small Arms School, who has won at Bisley the Army rifle shooting championship, being chaired by his comrades.